

# SPIRITUAL

# TELEGRAPH

## DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 56.

### The Principles of Nature.

#### A CONSERVATIVE BLOW AT SPIRITUALISM.

BY J. B. LOOMIS.

In the Springfield (Mass.) *Weekly Republican*, of the 16th inst., an editorial appears, headed "A Plain Talk about Spiritualism and its Tendencies." As it is eminently designed to cast odium upon the faith religiously entertained by many, that the World of Spirits is stooping down in close proximity to this, to elevate misguided humanity to a higher plain of wisdom, which five thousand years of experience, and eighteen hundred years with the "Word of God" have failed to do; as the article is calculated to point the finger of scorn indiscriminately at those who investigate this matter, whether blindly or in candor; and as the writer makes an incongruous mixture of truth and error, with an obvious design to sweep the whole matter by the board, it is thought due, in point of justice to both sides of the question, to examine some of the positions he has assumed.

The writer remarks that "wherever the 'Manifestations,' as they are denominated, are received as authority in Spiritual things, there Christianity is blotted out." If Christianity, in its purity, includes all the high motives of which the human mind is capable—all aspirations to goodness and purity—which that writer dare not deny, then his assertion betrays an amount of ignorance, in regard to the Spiritual Philosophy which is measured only by the folly that urged him to expose it.

"All [Spiritualists] are not so boldly misled as Mr. Finney, nor have they so resolutely placed their feet upon God's Word." In this paragraph the writer exposes a sad want of discernment, which results from a fixed law of blinding preconceptions; for it was neither God nor his Law, as a foot-stool, upon which Mr. Finney placed his finite feet. It was the *Theological character and genesis of Satan* on which he came down with such energy. It was in view of the effect of such belief, that conservative dogmas were thus assailed. The truth suffered no intrinsic loss by his fearless blow, for it was aimed at error. But this want of discernment may be pardoned, perhaps, as it is mostly chargeable to bishop, priest, and clergy, who, in their persisting to copy the old mythological masters, give the plastic mind pictures of Deity and Satan, so nearly allied in hugeness, wrath, and jealousy, that the less worthy, in grace and in the mystics of godliness, can not be worthily blamed for want of discrimination.

The writer will certainly admit that the interminable unfoldings of Nature are the works or expressed thoughts, so far as they go, of Deity. None who accept the results of enlightened reason will deny this. When the Bible, considered as a revelation, is contrasted in authority with the Universe, if any doubt exist as to the authenticity of either, all Christendom will award the superior authority to the Universe, for it is the direct work of Deity; while the Bible is contingent upon the handiwork of man for perpetuity. Now in this way, and in no other, is our "reverence for God's Word destroyed," in this way only does "it lose its divine character," if it is lost or destroyed. If Nature, as God made it, can not be trusted as a revelation of his word or law, how can a book that depends on, and comes to us through, the medium of natural materials, arranged, too, by the art of man, be trusted? Truth lost or destroyed! can finite man destroy or dilute God's Truth intrinsically? or, is it only thus in the brother's estimation?

Can a book of imperfect tongues, struggling through the hands of a host of priests and prelates, and kept sacred from the herd of plebeians who were neither deemed brethren nor the children of God; priests who, of course, were perfectly honest, truthful, and godly, who amend, translate, and edit the Word of God with absolute fidelity, having no eye to creed or dogma, be made paramount to the Divine Laws of the Universe, which, embodied in the form of worlds, is a direct edition of the thoughts and will of Deity? Certainly not. For men, devoid of all selfish motives and absolutely perfect, have yet to live and write. If the Spiritualists will not denounce error, whether found in the habiliments of antiquity, tradition, or priestcraft, who will? The materialist dare not rend the veil for fear he may acknowledge a hideous deformity. The book, however, is not rejected, as you say. The heel is not placed in contempt upon it, for it is known that truth creeps into many things, often without assistance, and its gems of beauty, whether found in the Bible, in science, or elsewhere, are more priceless than material gems which have set churches and sects at enmity, and touched their purest altars with pollution; yea, more saving and worthy than the "Holy Sepulchre," for which misguided men, though Christians, have shed rivers of blood.

The writer, proposing to "place himself on common ground with Spiritualists, and admitting, for the sake of the argument, that human reason is the only guide to truth," has, in his examination of the "signs which attend Spiritualism," so openly manifested a preconceived partiality, that it ruins his position on the ground assumed; for he gives unqualified latitude to

the claims of miracles, signs, and wonders, recorded in the Primitive History, and, if they conflict with reason (which is here thrown by), or with the immutable laws of Nature, no matter; all is received with obsequious non-inquiry, while "human reason" selects, in contrast with such leading miracles, the most infantile, imperfect, and trivial "demonstrations" that have been seen or said to have been seen. Is this using human reason as the only guide to truth? or is it degrading that type of an attribute of Deity to the narrow uses of sectarian aggrandizement? Is this because that particular, individualized "human reason" is selfishly blind in its opinions? or does it select such imperfect and trivial signs because the law of its affinities can not be violated? This "investigator" has rendered "Spiritualism" so exceedingly small, he has the faculty of belittling a matter so largely developed, that it is well for the conservatism and orthodox faith which he advocates, that he is not free to glance at ancient dogmas, for it would be ruinous to their apparent magnitude. While examining those parts of creeds and dogmas which do not disturb the popular belief, he sees all things beautifully magnified, but in seeking for truths in the New Philosophy, his glass is reversed, and all things become so small, that many beautiful gems of truth are lost in the contracted vision. Such observers are very useful appendages in the conservative temples. Their observations are valuable just in proportion as they are expert in seeing only that which favors their particular form of faith. They sometimes come to high places in the synagogue. If they see only through the creeds, and fear to look with the free eye of reason that God has given them, then, indeed, they are useful in that relation. This fear and servitude, from the very texture of the veil of their temple, hiding from them with a seeming purity and holiness, many corruptions and deformities, while nothing but the free, unshackled spirit of rational inquiry can rend that veil and show the worth of many things which tradition says are sacred.

If "wonderful signs" preceded and "inaugurated Christianity," which the writer observes as indicating its high mission, for the same reason it might be wisdom to hold our peace in the presence of the signs and wonders of to-day, for they may be the inauguration of some undeveloped, magnificent blessing to the race, which, in the "good time coming," the Pharisee may seek as a great salvation.

The writer thinks that the character of the doctrines taught by Christianity and Spiritualism respectively should be placed before the reason for decision. He then observes, in common with many, that "Christianity is a scheme of salvation." Ordinary reason would naturally decide that eighteen hundred years of experiment would be sufficient to settle the feasibility of any scheme. By what fatality does it come short of the promised unity and peace? But Wisdom is salvation without scheming.

Christianity "considers all mankind as sinful and depraved." If it never considers otherwise, eighteen hundred years more may elapse before the beginning of the "signs and wonders that shall follow." The Harmonial Philosophy considers mankind not as "sinful," but most of them misdirected, not as "depraved," but as undeveloped, and this misdirection originates in hereditary bias, angular developments of mind, and being influenced by circumstances unfavorable to a well-directed growth of mind and body. Let us observe the teachings of Nature in this matter. The little unripe apple explains the whole mystery of sin or depravity. In summer, when all things are growing, and of course imperfect, pluck and taste the unripe fruit. It is crude and bitter. But must it be blamed for being imperfect, when this very imperfection is one of the conditions of its existence? It is sin. Visit the same tree when autumn yields her bounty. The fruit is matured. It is good. Thus the sinful or undeveloped mind, when it attains, by a progressive unfolding, its higher perfection, will manifest qualities in keeping with its development. The present evil is but the imperfect development of ultimate good. . . . When a tree grows upon a poor, rocky, uncongenial soil, the fruit is like the existing conditions. So the man is the exact result of the conditions and influences that surround him. If he is bad, hereditary angularity or unfavorable conditions were the cause. If he is good, hereditary perfections and good conditions unfolded him.

"If a man steal, or lie, or murder, it is because he gives free rein to his 'natural' impulses and passions, etc." If Deity coincides with the writer's opinion of what he stigmatizes as "nature," this assertion would have weight. But as He is the author of Nature Himself, his decision would be preferable. However, it is a misdirected "impulse" that commits the above crimes. Do you ask if "natural laws" cultivate these impulses? I reply, ALL the laws of Nature are intrinsically good. But these laws acting incongruously, or in the wrong place, or in an inverted direction, will develop exceedingly angular or bad results. Bend the top of a vigorous twig to the earth, and keep it there for years, and the tree will not be erect as the law designed. Still a natural law, intrinsically good, caused it to grow badly. So with the mind. If kept low in the dust of untoward circumstances, it will not grow erect as designed

by the law of its own being; but the influence of laws out of place at this point of development—though these laws are intrinsically good, or useful in their place—will cause the young mind to grow badly. And when the Harmonial Philosophy urges us to study Nature and to follow her dictates, no perverted nature is designated, no artificially cultivated impulse is implied; but it is the PRIMARY and LEGITIMATE USE of natural law that is indicated, when men are counseled to follow the teachings of Nature. \* \* \* And is it not right to "be natural," or to act in harmony with natural law and order? Those who study the legitimate use of natural law, will be guided to copious fountains of truth, and learn that there are more things in Nature than were formerly thought to be in Heaven.

The principles which "Christianity" appropriates, will have the same intrinsic worth by any other name; love, purity, and truth are ETERNAL, and existed before Christ taught them to his disciples. They need not always be labeled "Christianity." For it does not manifest these high plains of development, or add to the dignity of these principles, when men, who claim that title, are so strenuous for sects, creeds, and churches. This is the popular form of Christianity, while love, purity, and truth but sparingly enter into the actions and motives of men, or are assumed too often in the form of a cloak. These principles must go deeper than the outside, or Christianity even will still buffet time by ages ere it produces much good fruit.

Do love, purity, and truth depend upon history, tradition, or books for perpetuity? No, they are written in the vitality of to-day. They live with the living, and will guide us to high fountains of wisdom. But the Bible and Christianity depend largely upon history and tradition for their continuity. Is it not plain that all history is liable to error, liable to be written according to the excitement of the time and the prejudice of the writer? Let the faults of an age die with the age, and perpetuate them not by reiteration. Would ye grasp and stop the waters of a river because they are clearer than they have been? Nay, let them pass on, and use them as they come, there are better and clearer yet coming, and the fountain is inexhaustible as the coming future; so shall our works grow better and clearer.

I would submit the following to the action of candid reason. Is the dead past as momentous as the living present? Are events recorded in the uncertain past as useful and important as those of to-day? Act well to-day, and the basis of to-morrow's welfare is as a hill of granite. Does man improve in wisdom more to stand on a mound of skeletons of the past, and study the musty lore of the buried, than he does to "act—act in the living present, heart within and God overhead?" A deeper knowledge of the living present will teach us far more

"Of coming events casting" sunlight before,  
Than all of the past with its "mystical lore."

When we arrive at to-morrow, why retrace the journey? Having attained the present, our position is sufficient for any coming emergency without consulting the undeveloped past. The wisdom of the past is too strident back of the future. The wisdom of the present is one stride nearer, and it is sure and stable ground. The world is already too much imbued with past things, and too negligent of the present to grow properly. If a rose, originally found on the rough rocks of the hill-side, now a cultivated, magnificent resident of a warm garden below, were to pore over the times of its meager hill-side growth, as a better age than that of its cultivation, and reject heaven's breeze, because it came not with the high key-tone of the angular hill, or shake the invigorating dew from its petals because it comes more copiously than it did in the good old days of the rocky hill, that flower would become useless, pale, shriveled, and answer not its end in the beautiful garden which is its present home. It would be more a being of other days, its own progress obstructed, and affecting with like discord its fellows.

For the living to attempt to live a dead past, is reviling the beautiful law of order, as if the present were an innovation that little concerned us. The present, the momentous PRESENT, demands attention more than all written history. "Let the dead Past bury its dead." Let the live Present be esteemed truly, and the Future will unfold a more advanced wisdom.

West Springfield, Mass.

SCIENTIFIC PROPHECY.—Some eighteen years ago a Mr. Hait, of Hilton, Conn., then pursuing his collegiate course, was suddenly deprived of his memory. His physician expressed his conviction that this was caused by the disproportionate expansion of the brain and the cranium, and that at the age of thirty-six or thirty-seven the brain would begin to contract, and his faculties would then be restored. Eighteen years have passed away, and the prophecy is fulfilled! The narrator says:

"The man began to inquire for his books as if he had just laid them down, and resumed his mathematical studies where he left them. There were no traces in his mind of this long blank in his life, or any thing which had occurred in it, and he did not know that he was almost forty years of age."

#### A FUNERAL ORATION.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

"The cause of Republican Liberty is prostrate in Europe!" joyfully exclaim the panders and sycophants of Despotism, and the false Priests who varnish gigantic crimes for hire confidently predict that for that cause there is no resurrection. Yes, "Freedom is in its tomb," say they to each other; "and we have rolled a great stone against the door—who shall dare remove it?" Let those who incline to believe, or even fear, that such crimes as those which crushed the liberties of France, Hungary, and Italy can permanently prosper, read the following Speech of Victor Hugo, at the funeral, in the Isle of Jersey, of an humble French Republican—therefore an exile and a proscriber—and be ashamed of their practical atheism. A nobler, more impressive, more appropriate, more affecting speech we never read, and its perusal strengthens our conviction that the dread night of Despotism rapidly draws to a close. Read it, Republicans of every land! and rejoice that Justice is the inexorable law of the universe, the immediate characteristic of God!

The *Evening Post* anticipates us in the translation of this noble funeral oration, as follows:

"In the last days of April, the French refugees in the Isle of Jersey followed one of their comrades to the field of final repose—Victor Hugo had been requested to pronounce, in the name of all, the last farewell. His discourse was as follows:

CITIZENS: The man to whom we have come to say the last farewell, Jean Bosquet, of Tarn en Garonne, was a noble soldier of democracy. We have seen him, an inflexible exile, waste away sorrowfully among us. A yearning for home was gnawing at his heart; he felt that the recollection of all he had left behind him was slowly poisoning him; he might have seen again his absent friends, the beloved places—his native city, his house: he had but to say a word. That execrable humiliation which M. Bonaparte calls amnesty, or pardon, was offered to him; he honestly rejected it—and he is dead. He was only thirty-four years of age. And now—there he lies.

I will not add praises to this simple life, to this grand death. Let him repose in peace in this obscure grave, where the earth will soon cover him, and whence his soul has gone to seek the eternal hopes of the tomb.

Let him sleep here, this Republican; and let the people know that there are still proud and pure hearts devoted to its cause. Let the Republic know that men will perish rather than forsake her. Let France know that she is not alone, because they can see her no more.

Let him sleep, this patriot, in the land of the stranger! And we, his companions in conflict and in adversity—we, who closed his eyes—if his native city, his family, his friends, ask us, "Where is he?" we will answer, "Dead in exile!" as the soldiery, when the name of Latour d'Auvergne was called, answered, "Dead on the field of honor!"

CITIZENS! To-day, in France, apostasy is joyous. The old land of the 14th of July and of the 10th of August, assists at the hideous spread of treason, and at the triumphal march of traitors. Not one unworthy action which is not immediately rewarded. A mayor breaks the law—he is made a prefect; a soldier dishonors his flag—he is made a general; a priest sells his religion—he is made a bishop; a judge prostitutes justice—he is made a senator; a prince, an adventurer, commits every crime, from the base trick which would shame a pickpocket, to the cruelty which would make an assassin shudder—and he becomes an emperor. Around and about these men are the sounds of triumphal music, bouquets, and dancing, addresses, applause, and genuflections. Servility comes to congratulate ignominy.

CITIZENS! These men have their festivals: well—we, too, have ours. When one of the companions of our banishment, wasted by home-sickness, exhausted by the slow fever of old habits broken up, and affections lacerated, gives way at last, and dies after having drunk to the dregs all the agonies of proscription, we follow his bier covered with a black cloth; we come to the side of his grave; we, too, kneel, not to success, but to the tomb; we bend over our buried brother, and we say to him: "Friend, we congratulate thee because thou hast been valiant; we congratulate thee because thou hast been generous and intrepid; we congratulate thee because thou hast been faithful; we congratulate thee because thou hast offered up to thy Republican faith the last breath of thy body, the last pulsation of thy heart; we congratulate thee because thou hast suffered; we congratulate thee that thou art dead!"

We raise our heads again, and we move away, our hearts full of a somber joy. Such are the festivals of exiles. This is the austere and serene thought which is at the bottom of our souls; and, in the presence of this sepulcher, of this grief which seems to swallow up a man, the presence of this appearance of annihilation, we feel ourselves strengthened in our principles and in our convictions. The man whose mind is made up, never treads more firmly than on the shifting soil of the tomb. And our eyes fixed upon this dead body, upon this being who has faded away, upon this shadow which has vanished, we, unshaken believers, glorify that which is immortal, and that which is eternal; Liberty and God. Yes, God! Never should a tomb be closed, until this great, this living word has fallen into it! The dead claim it, and we are not the men to refuse it. Let the free and religious people, among whom we live, understand well, that the men of

progress, the men of democracy, the men of revolution, know that the destiny of the soul is two-fold; and that the abnegation they show in this life proves how profoundly they rely upon another.

Their faith in this grand and mysterious future resists even the repulsive spectacle which the enslaved Catholic clergy has presented since the second of December. At this moment, Roman papism startles the human conscience. Yes, I say it, and my heart is full of bitterness when I think of so much abjectness and shame; these priests, who, for money, for places, for crosses and miters, for the love of temporal goods, bless and glorify perjury, murder, and treason; these churches, where *Te Deums* are sung in honor of crowned crime; yes, these churches and these priests would be enough to shake the strongest convictions in the firmest souls, if beyond the church we did not see a heaven; and above the priest a God. And here, citizens, on the threshold of this open tomb, in the midst of this thoughtful throng which surrounds this grave, the moment has come to sound a solemn word, that may take root and spring up in every conscience.

CITIZENS: At this present hour, this fatal hour which will be marked in times to come, the principle of absolutism, the old principle of the past, triumphs all over Europe. It triumphs as it should triumph, by the sword, the ax, and the cord; by massacres and musketry; by tortures and the scaffold. Despotism, that Moloch surrounded by human bones, celebrates her fearful mysteries in open sunlight, under the pontificate of a Haynau, a Bonaparte, and a Radetzky. In Hungary, the gallows: in Lombardy, the gallows: in Sicily, the gallows: in France, the guillotine, transportation, and exile. In the Papal States alone, I cite the pope, who calls himself *le roi de douceur*; in the Papal States alone, in the last three years, sixteen hundred and forty patriots (the figures are authentic) have perished by shooting or hanging, without counting the innumerable many who are buried alive in dungeons. At this moment the Continent, as in the worst periods of history, is encumbered with scaffolds and corpses; and if, when the day comes, revolution should seek to make for herself a flag of the winding sheets of the victims, the shadow of that black flag would cover all Europe. This blood, which is flowing in streams and in torrents, all this blood, democrats, is yours.

And yet, citizens, in the presence of this saturnalia of murder, in the presence of these infamous tribunals, where assassins sit in the robes of the judge, in the presence of all these dear and sacred corpses, in the presence of this dismal and ferocious victory of reaction; I declare solemnly in the name of the exiles of Jersey, who have given me the authority to do so; and I say it too in the name of all republican exiles—and not one true republican voice will contradict me—I declare before this coffin of an exile, the second one we have lowered into the grave within ten days, we the exiles, we the victims, we abjure, for the great and inevitable day of revolutionary triumph, all feeling, all desire, all idea of bloody retribution.

The guilty will be chastised; certainly—they will be: all of them, and severely! this must be; but not one head shall fall; not one drop of blood, not one splash from the scaffold, shall stain the spotless robe of the republic of February. The head even of the brigand of December shall be respected with honor by the progressive. The revolution will make a grander example of that man by changing his imperial purple for the jacket of the galley-slave. No, we will not retort on the scaffold by the scaffold. We repudiate the old senseless law of retaliation. The law of retaliation, like the monarchy, is a part of the past; we repudiate the past.

The death penalty, gloriously abolished by the republic of 1848, reestablished ostensibly by Louis Bonaparte, is abolished by us, and forever. We have taken with us into exile the sacred doctrine of progress; we will faithfully bring it back to France. What we ask and wish of the future is justice, and not vengeance. And besides, the sight of slaves drunk with wine sufficed to give the Spartans a disgust for intemperance, so it is enough for us, as republicans, to see kings intoxicated with blood, to have forever a horror of scaffolds.

Yes, we declare it, and we call to witness this sea which binds Jersey to France, these fields, this quiet nature around us, this England which is listening to us. The men of the revolution—whatever the Bonapartist calumniators may say—wish to reënter France, not as exterminators, but as brothers. We call to witness our words, this holy heaven which glitters above us, shedding thoughts of peace and concord upon our hearts; we call to witness our dead brother, who lies in that grave, and who, while I speak, murmurs in his shroud, "Yes, my brothers, reject death? I have accepted it myself. I would not have it for others."

CITIZENS! These thoughts are in every man's mind, and I am only the interpreter of them. The day of bloody revolutions has passed; for what remains to be done, the indomitable law of progress will suffice. And, moreover, let us be tranquil; every thing combats for us in the great battles we have still to fight—battles, whose evident necessity does not disturb the serenity of the thinker; battles, in which revolutionary energy will equal the desperation of monarchy, battles in



which might, joined with right, will overthrow violence allied to usurpation, superb, glorious, enthusiastic, decisive battles, the events of which can not be doubted, and which will be the Tolbaes, the Hastings, and the Austerlitzes of democracy. Citizens! the epoch of the dissolution of the old world has arrived. The law of Providence has condemned the old despotisms. Time, the shadowy grave-digger, is burying them. Each declining day plunges them deeper into nothingness. God is throwing years upon thrones as we throw spadeful of earth upon a coffin.

And now, brothers, as we separate, let us shout the cry of triumph: let us shout the cry of awakening! It is near the grave that one should speak of the resurrection. Yes, indeed, the future, an impending future, I repeat it, promises to us the victory of the democratic idea in France; the future promises to us the victory of the social idea. It promises more: it promises that in every climate, under every sun, upon every continent, in America as well as in Europe, an end shall come to oppression and to slavery. After the hard trials we are experiencing, what we want is not only the emancipation of this or that class of men which has suffered long—the abolition of this or that right; all this we shall have, but this is not enough. What we must have, and what we shall get—never doubt it—what I, for my part, from the depths of this darkness of exile, contemplate with rapture, is the deliverance of every nation, the enfranchisement of all mankind! Friends, our sufferings give us a claim upon Providence. God owes us a reward. He is a faithful debtor, we shall receive it. Let us then cherish a manly faith, and make our sacrifice with gladness. Oppressed of all nations, offer up your wounds; Poles, offer your misery; Hungarians, offer your gibbet; Italians, offer your cross; heroic transported brothers of Cayenne, of Africa, offer your chains; exiles, offer your proscription; and thou, O martyr, offer thy death to the liberty of the human race! VIVE LE REPUBLICAIN!

### CAN THE SPIRIT DIE?

BY C. D. STUART.

When the Spirit is quenched by the finger of death,  
And the lamp that enshrined it is cold,  
Does the flame that illumined it die with the breath,  
And mingle and pass with the mold?  
Are the thoughts of the mind and the hopes of the heart  
As brittle and brief as the clay,  
That is born with the breath, and dies with the breath,  
And is lost in the lap of decay?

Oh, no! when the lamp shall be shiver'd in dust,  
The Spirit that kindled its light  
Will rise and expand with a mightier glow,  
And sparkle eternally bright!  
Every thought of the mind, every hope of the heart  
Surviving, shall conquer in death;  
'Tis the lamp that is frail, 'tis the body that fails,  
Not the soul-light that flickers at a breath.

### LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY C. D. STUART.

The exclamation of the Master was, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Who can doubt the full intent of him who uttered these words? Meant he only to apply them to those immediately around him, in his earthly life-time? And was the injunction, so beautiful in the assurance, "for of such is the kingdom of Heaven," appended to it, limited to sufferance merely? Not so have the true disciples, nor the creed-men even, interpreted. From the pulpit, and in humbler places, the words of the Master have been reiterated these eighteen centuries past, since Christ came to infuse the balm of healing into the bruised soul of man, to assuage man's heart-sorrows, and to lighten and cure his mortal griefs and ills. Reiterated, but not always in the spirit of the Master. Christ saw what the true "Son of God" must ever see, that only in the heart of the child, yet unsullied and unengrossed with error, prejudice, or conceit, is the field whereon light, and truth, and love can be sown with the largest promise of rich and glorious fruitage. The child, so near like the cherub, ever imaged to us as a native of heaven, so like the angels which have hovered in our most beautiful dreams, and which the grossest and least spiritual of us can not shake off nor scare from memories of our own sinless childhood—in such a child, save a fraction, the type of all children, Christ saw not only tenantry for heaven, but redeeming spirits for earth. He sublimed that eternal truth which we perceive and utter in homely maxims, "The child is father of the man," and, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," and however he labored and strove to draw men unto him, and toward one another, he cried, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And Christ meant not only that they should be suffered to come, but that they should be directed and brought to him, and to that truth which was to represent him when he should be called personally from the earth. Under his mild and beautiful teaching, and under the light and warmth of his radiant Spirit, he knew the mortal child-bud would expand into a divine, immortal flower, the flower of perfect justice, truth, and love; and that the man born of that flowering child-bud, divinely crowning humanity, would be all for which earth and the mortal state were made. Little children—in them all human agencies, is the richest promise and the best hope of the world. When, over all the earth, their hearts are once drawn in unison to the Master, to his life, his lessons of love and truth, the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of God's children—men and the sons and daughters of men—then will wrong and evil cease, then will sin and sorrow be ended, then will joy cover the earth and the heavens descend, even as Christians pray, that angels and men may no more dwell apart.

Through children the world, under God, is to be largely redeemed. These are the evengals on whose white-paged hearts is written "hope and believe," and through whose purity and truth, when they shall be brought to Christ and developed according to God's immutable law of love, all men will see not only the light and the way to heaven, but see heaven itself—heaven upon earth; the kingdom of heaven in little children's hearts and lives. Of little children in this great city, thousands of whom have no guardians to lead or direct them, and to whom the words of the Master, as he uttered them, seldom come, and to whom the Spirits of God are voiceless, though not dumb, we shall hereafter have something to say; something especial, and not altogether so pleasant to the ear as what we have here said.

LECTURES AT WINSTED.—It affords us pleasure to announce to the friends at West Winsted, Connecticut, that Hon. J. W. Edmunds will, agreeably to their request, speak to them on Sunday afternoon and evening next (29th inst.), in Camp's Hall.

## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1853.

### PROGRESSIVE NATURE OF MAN.

The law of progress is not restricted to a part of the Divine economy, but we may trace its operations far and wide throughout the empire of Nature. Especially is it discernible in the growth and development of organic bodies. The seed does not become a plant, nor the embryo a perfectly organized being, in a moment. It is by a progress, almost imperceptible, that the acorn becomes an oak, and by a process not less gradual, Nature unfolds the animal economy. Intimately connected with this idea of progress, is the fact that through the operations of this law, that which is imperfect is brought to perfection. This is true of the various products of the vegetable world. The mountain oak that has braved the fury of many a wintry blast—that is vigorous from length of years—at last arrives at its maturity. The grain springs forth from the earth in its season, and when harvest comes it is fit for the reapers. The same is true of the animal creation. The inferior animals arrive at the highest degree of perfection of which their natures are susceptible. In a few years, at most, they reach the point beyond which all efforts to improve their instinctive faculties are utterly abortive; and were it possible to prolong life a thousand years, with the same organisms, there would be no advancement, because they are essentially incapable of further progression.

But the progress of mind is not thus limited. It is true that the animal nature of man arrives at its maturity, and like other organic bodies, is subject to decay and dissolution. But an endless life and perpetually unfolding powers and relations are the inheritance of the spirit. That the higher nature of man is progressive is sufficiently evident. We have only to consider him in his childhood and his manhood, and reflect a moment on his grand achievements. Think of Sir Isaac Newton in the infancy of his being. Again, conceive of him a few years after, when he was prepared to explore the great arcana of Nature, and to solve some of her profound problems. Follow him from his cradle to the lofty eminence where the shadows of oblivion never fall, and consider that this is but the first stage of his progress—the beginning of that interminable career in which man is destined to equal the angels in their glory.

We have had occasion to observe, that through the operations of this law, that which is imperfect is brought to comparative perfection. Every thing in its order moves on toward the maturity of its being; to the most perfect state of which its nature is susceptible. All inferior creatures soon reach this final condition. But, in the present mode of being, man can only enter on the endless career that opens before him. The ultimatum of his progress is far away in the sublime distance of futurity. He may comprehend the laws and explain the phenomena of Nature. He may measure the distances and calculate the solid contents of other worlds. Imagine him, if you please, to possess a knowledge of all arts, sciences, and languages. He would then only be prepared for still higher attainments. The spirit would find some region unexplored. Man would still be far from the perfection of his being. To say that his higher faculties will not be more freely exercised and fully developed in the future, is virtually to deny the progressive nature of man, and to repudiate the very argument derived from reason and analogy. If every creature is rendered complete according to its species, the general truth may be inferred that *Man* will go on toward perfection. Those who are not prepared to sanction this conclusion, should prove that man is an exception to the general law. If the doctrine of progress is admitted to be true, the result, as it relates to the destiny of man, must be inevitable. He may be imperfect and sinful at present, but he may also, from the very constitution of his nature, advance to a more perfect condition. It is very certain that man, in his present state, is a progressive being. The development of the faculties is always gradual, and truth is unfolded by degrees, in proportion as he is prepared to receive it. There is not the slightest reason to presume that the transition to another state, which takes place at death, will disturb this essential constitution. The dissolution of the body may, measurably, destroy the inclination to evil, and separate man from some of the obstacles, at least, which now render his progress slow and difficult. When these obstacles, the world and the flesh, are removed, he may go on with an accelerated moral momentum to higher and still higher degrees of perfection, ever reaching forward, and mounting upward, to the more excellent glory.

Thus man, by the very constitution of his nature, is a progressive being. To restrict his growth to this life, is to assume that the destruction of the body entirely reverses the laws of human development. If we accept the idea, we must also admit the conclusion to which it legitimately leads—the future exaltation and happiness of man. If man is to continue his progress in the future life, he will certainly arrive at a more perfect condition, because comparative perfection is the natural result of progression. By this course of analogical and inductive reasoning, we are led to the conclusion that the ultimate destiny of man will be one of glory, honor, and immortality.

The present imperfection of man is no objection to the argument, because he is not always to remain in his present condition, or to continue forever precisely what he is at any particular stage of his progress. The lessons of Nature are beautiful as they are instructive. Go out into the fields in the spring time, when the grain is beginning to vegetate—only a tender blade is seen. The dews of heaven descend on it. The sun warms it into more abundant and enlarged life; and when the proper season arrives, the fields are white already for the harvest. Now to form a judgment from the feeble beginnings of vegetable life; to decide that there will be no harvest—that the grain will never be fitted for the garner—is not more unreasonable and absurd than to say, because man is now imperfect, he will not go on toward perfection, and thus be prepared for happiness and heaven.

It is important to observe that the present condition of things may be very different from the ultimate design. We have seen the rose when only the thorn appeared. The careless traveler was wounded as he passed that way. When we saw it again, there was a sweet flower that loaded the passing breeze with its precious odors. We love to think it is so with man; that

what is most beautiful in his nature is not, at present, discernible—is not yet unfolded to the view; or, to use the language of an Apostle, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Man may now appear to be a worm that is destined to be a plant; yet there is, in his nature, a germ that is destined to unfold itself in a more genial clime. As the plant must necessarily pass through the successive stages of previous development before it blossoms in the sunlight, so the interior faculties must be progressively unfolded until the Spirit blooms in the garden of God, filling the atmosphere with immortal fragrance!

### AN ACCURSED SPIRIT.

There is certainly one such abroad in this city, and throughout the greater portion of the world. We mean alcohol, rum, or whatever name that fiery Moloch, intoxicating drink—which enters at man's mouth to steal away his brains—may bear. "Thrice, ay! a thousand times accursed is it, armed only with a Circian spell, to change man into something lower than a brute; to make him a drizzling idiot, claiming our mingled pity and disgust, or a ferocious madman, inspiring us with terror. It is a plague-seed to mankind. Murder stalks abroad with it; robbery, falsehood, and all prostitutions of mind and body, are its companions. It dethrones intellect, corrupts affections, impoverishes man in wealth and strength, robs him of beauty and joyousness, and disgraces him below the level of the filthiest beasts.

Who doubts it? Who, of our readers, that has lived to man's or woman's estate, has not had superabundant proof that rum, by which we mean all that makes drunkards, has been to man a most accursed spirit. Where is the hamlet, the village, or the city, that has not borne witness to its desolation. War has not taken so many lives, nor exhausted so many treasures, nor brought so fearful widowhood and orphanage, and poverty, and misery, and shame. No! rum is the right-hand of ruin and death.

Look into yon hovel; what pale, haggard form of woman is that shrinking in her rags, with children, blanch-faced and starving, clinging around her, and a babe, livid from the flush of hunger and sickness, pressed to her bosom—next to God and his angels in fancy's most blessed shield—and from what shrinks she? Oh! can it be that she was young and beautiful, well-beloved and happy, when, in the dawning summer of life, she gave her heart, her hand, her all, to one who vowed to love, cherish, and protect her? Can it be she was like our own happy sisters and daughters? Ay! even so. And for a season peace, joy, and plenty went with her into a new home. Children budded and blossomed around her, awakening to musical life chords in her heart, until then to her unknown. And a manly heart beat to hers, and a manly strong hand was her stay and her guide. How much of heaven might concentrate in such a circle of souls, knit and bound together by every holy tie!

But rum came! stealthily and serpent-like. It touched his lip, who had sworn at the marriage altar. Down into his heart it hissed, and up into his brain it seethed, and he reeled from the circle of home, only to return with pestilence in his soul and curses on his tongue. How soon he despoiled home of all that made it beautiful and joyous. Poverty came and crouched, shivering, by the hearth-stone, and shame and grief filled a wife's and a mother's heart. Childhood was blasted by a father, and he knew no regret, no shame. An idiot or a madman, rum called him but to work ruin; ruin within and without. Rum made him idle, profligate, and vicious. It struck him that he might strike his family and society; that he might become robber or murderer, as depravity or frenzy might tempt. And rum said to him, mockingly, "Be not afraid! I have places for you—pauper-houses, prisons, mad-houses, and the gallows-tree."

Yet there are doctors of divinity who think woman should suffer on and weep on, but be silent of speech, and leave to man this monster, rum, of whose curse she, and her little ones, have borne the chief and the cruellest part. We think not so! It is time the voice of woman was everywhere raised in solemn protest against rum; time that she resolved to link her fate with no such accursed spirit. Therefore we shall rejoice if a Woman's World's Temperance Convention shall be held; for woman has the power to strangle the Moloch, if she will but unite her energies and put forth her strength. If the Priests, and the Levites, and the Pharisees, will not work with her, let her work without them. She shall surely triumph in the end.

### THE ELECTRICITY QUESTION.

A correspondent (J.H.S.), writing from Cumberland, Pa., makes the following statements: "It has been pretty clearly demonstrated about here, that tables, chairs, etc., can be charged with electricity or some like fluid, in the manner generally adopted by mediums, and questions either vocally or mentally answered according to the will of the operator; and when means to obstruct the passage of the electricity into the table, etc., have been resorted to, no movements or answers could be produced. Moreover, when questions, concerning the Spirituality of the agent, were asked, it answered negatively; but when asked whether it was electricity responding to the questions, it answered affirmatively; and as each experiment produced the same results, the mediums attributed the phenomena to their own mental power."

Our correspondent is convinced, from other sources of evidence, of the immortality of the soul, but fears that the above facts may somewhat impair the supposed existing evidence that departed souls have the power of conversing with those still in the body. In order to test the question as to the agency of electricity in the phenomena of which he speaks, we advise him to procure an electrometer, sufficiently delicate to detect the presence of that subtle agent in any of the ordinary experiments known in electrical science. There is one kind of electrometer—the torsion balance—which may be sensibly affected by the friction of a silk handkerchief upon a glass tube, at the distance of from ten to fifteen feet. And yet, however sensitive his instrument may be, and however powerful may be the rappings or "table movements" subjected to the test, we venture to say that our correspondent will not discover the slightest indication of disturbed electricity, unless, indeed, it be merely accidental, as in the course of ordinary manipulations. Such experiments have been repeatedly tried by scientific men in the search for the cause of those manifestations which are believed to be spiritual, and in no instance, to our knowledge, has the slightest evidence, sustaining the electrical theory, been developed.

The experiment of insulating the tables and the mediums, during the manifestations, has been repeatedly tried, with results very different from those of which our correspondent

speaks. It is known that, in some instances at least, no plan of insulation which could be thought of, and no care in the process, could prevent the manifestations from occurring the same as before, and that, too, not always in accordance with, but in many cases in direct opposition to, the will of the medium and other persons present.

But we can conceive why these manifestations, if they are spiritual, should, in some instances, *designedly* assume an equivocal shape, and why they should even be *permitted* to respond, untruly, that they are *electrical*. If they abruptly, and at once, assumed an aspect unmistakably spiritual, very many minds would recoil from them, and others would forego those latent inquiries which are necessary to develop their latent principles. But if the book, bated with electricity, or any thing else which may seem more palatable, is once swallowed, he who receives it will, in the end, be pretty sure to be drawn out of the dark waters of skepticism upon the terra firma of spiritual truth.

### PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

An intelligent gentleman, who has recently arrived from England, has favored us with the following interesting account of affairs in that country:

EDITOR SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Although there is, perhaps, no country in the world where new theories are received with greater hesitation than in England, or where even truth itself makes slower progress, owing to the sluggish and material character of the people, the results that have followed the introduction of the phenomena known under the title of "Spiritual Manifestations," have exceeded the most sanguine expectations that could have been formed of them. Having been an attentive and interested observer of the impression made on the English mind, as it passed through the different phases of incredulity, indignation, and, ultimately, of reluctant conviction, I can the more readily comply with the request that has been made me, that I should give a correct and unexaggerated account of the reception which the doctrine of Spiritualism has met with in English society. When I speak of English society, you must not understand the phrase as applied to that aggregate of popular prejudices and bigoted opinions which is reflected by the press. No. I allude to that more elevated and intellectual class which dares to think and inquire for itself, and which, in reality, gives the tone to the public mind. It is among this class that all questions that have an important bearing upon the interests and happiness of society are thoroughly sifted and examined; and when it has pronounced its *fiat*, it is wonderful with what facility the press modifies or renounces its previously-formed convictions. It is by following, and not leading, as is erroneously supposed, the sentiments of this class, that the *Times* has acquired its enormous influence. It represents the *mind* of England, while the other journals only represent sectional interests too unimportant to establish their claim to direct public opinion.

It was necessary for me to preface my remarks by this explanation, in order that your readers may understand the silence observed by one portion of the English press, and the violently aggressive part taken by the other, with respect to the *Spiritual Manifestations*. When Mrs. Hayden, to whose honor of leading what was considered a forlorn hope, first announced her arrival in England and the object of her mission, she was assailed by a storm of invective, than which nothing could have been coarser or more brutal. To the credit of the religious portion of the press, be it observed, that it took little or no part in this demonstration. It was confined principally to a few journals that hoped to make character out of this chivalrous onslaught upon the reputation and motives of a defenseless woman. As is usual in such cases, these unmanly attacks produced just the contrary effect to that which was intended. The very fury of the assault led candid minds to inquire whether this "puddle in a storm" had not been raised from interested motives. The love of fair play in some, the spirit of curiosity in others, soon directed the attention of the educated classes to an investigation of the facts. The result might have been easily foreseen. The objects which Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Lewes, of the *Leader*, proposed to themselves, were completely defeated by the excess of their zeal. The house of the Medium became thronged with visitors, and some of the highest names in England, both in hereditary and acquired rank, were to be found inscribed in the call-book of the daughter of an humble American farmer.

And now, before I proceed further, let me say a few words respecting Mrs. Hayden herself. Young, intelligent, but at the same time simple and candid in her manners, no one could have been more admirably adapted than this lady for the difficult and invidious task which she had undertaken. She disarmed suspicion by the unaffected artlessness of her address, and many who came to amuse themselves at her expense, were shamed into respect and even cordiality by the patience and good temper which she displayed. The impression invariably left by an interview with her was, that if, as Mr. Dickens contended, the phenomena developed by her were attributable to art, she herself was the most perfect artist, as far as acting went, that had ever presented herself before the public.

In a work lately published in England by Mr. Henry Spicer, entitled "Sights and Sounds," and containing the fullest account that has as yet been published of the *Spiritual Manifestations*, the author, in alluding to Mrs. Hayden, does not render her that justice to which she is entitled. His book has, however, been composed under such an evident anxiety to compromise between his convictions and his fear of ridicule, that we even pardon him for not having sufficient strength of mind to give expression to the opinion which he really entertains of her excellence as a Medium. Had her success been as certain as it is now, when the paragraph which I refer had been written, he would not, perhaps, have hesitated to support her more warmly. He might have staked the convictions of his book on the results produced by her. The woman who had convinced such men as Brougham, Ashburner, and Owen, deserved better treatment at his hands.

*Appropos* of Robert Owen. It was the good fortune of the writer of this article to meet this interesting old man almost daily at the house of the Medium, during the period when his mind was progressing from absolute unbelief to the most perfect conviction. The man who had assailed and founded so many systems could with difficulty be brought to comprehend a but partially-developed theory, which went to upset all his preconceived notions. His mind was too logical and unprejudiced, however, not to admit the force of the evidence that was laid before him. During the first three sittings he could obtain no satisfactory result, but in the fourth he was overwhelmed with proofs. He became from that moment a

firm believer in the doctrine of *Spiritual consciousness* after death.

Although, as I have already stated, the press, with a few exceptions, were afraid to approach the subject, lest it should affect their circulation, it did not prevent the members of it individually from investigating it. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, devoted several sittings to the inquiry, and, it is said, obtained some extraordinary results. The French and German press had also their representatives at the soirees of Mrs. Hayden, and some original and ingenious speculations were published in the Paris and Berlin papers on the reports which they forwarded. The subject suits the mystical tendency of the German mind, and has led to eager inquiry there.

There is a work in preparation on this subject which will exert a good deal of curiosity. It is from the pen of a Protestant Clergyman and a graduate of Cambridge. This gentleman has been attentively investigating the phenomena, and writes with settled convictions as to their Spiritual origin.

In the mean time, Media are starting up in all directions. The Marchioness of H. and Dr. A. have become writing Media; and in a communication received a short time since from Sir Charles L. he announces that he has succeeded in establishing a communication with the Spirit of a deceased friend.

I understand that several other American Media are expected in London. Mr. Cohen, of Boston, has already started.

Are you aware that during the latter years of the life of a celebrated literary countess, at whose charming residence, in the neighborhood of London, the present Emperor of France was in the habit of visiting, circles were occasionally formed at her evening receptions, for the purpose of investigating certain extraordinary phenomena of a Spiritual character, which had been developed through the medium of inanimate substances? Louis Napoleon was an eager attendant at those soirees, and is now almost the only one that survives of all that took part in them.

### THE SPIRITS IN ENGLAND.

We perceive that Spiritualism is making steady, though as yet not very rapid, advances in England, principally, thus far, through the mediumship of Mrs. Hayden. It has already undergone the process of "explosion" several times, but, much to the damage of its enemies' patience, it still preserves its inexplicable features, and secures respectful investigation from profound and scientific minds. The friends which it has thus far secured, are principally persons of the highest intelligence and respectability, and are mainly of the aristocratic class. We see that Robert Owen, the well known social reformer, and who previously disbelieved in the immortality of the soul, is among the number of its late converts.

Among those who have been endeavoring to show their wit and smartness in efforts to expose the supposed cheat, the latest was a Mr. Lewes, a writer of comedies and farces for a London theater. The result of his interview with the Medium is published in a late issue of the *London Leader*. He admits that he had fully made up his mind as to the affair previous to any investigation, and intimates that he sought an interview with Mrs. Hayden only for the purpose of confirming his impressions. Mr. Lewes proposed to the spirits a series of unctious questions of the most absurd and ridiculous kind, and which were of course answered "according to his folly," whereupon he writes the whole thing down as an "ignoble imposture."

## GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### SPIRITUALISM IN TENNESSEE.

FRIEND PARTRIDGE:

I wish you, if you see proper, to publish the following facts. So far as I am informed, the first Spiritual manifestations, in this State, took place at my house the 6th of March, 1852. My object is to show the progress since that time. A short time after we had them at our house, other families privately sought and obtained them. Wm. H. Rose, a Unitarian minister, received messages from the Spirits of his departed friends, that amounted, to him, to actual demonstration that said Spirits were present. A lady, also, visited the family, an old acquaintance, to satisfy herself, and learn what she could on the subject. Her Spirit-friends soon responded to her call; she inquired the name, and the response came from a dearly beloved sister, whom she supposed to be living; but the Spirit said she was an inhabitant of the Spirit-land. She cross-questioned the Spirit; but still the latter, claiming to be her sister, said she had departed from the body of flesh. All this, at the time, was so strange that she knew not what to think of it. But in a short time she received a letter from her friends, confirming the said tidings given by her Spirit-sister, some weeks before.

The above-named minister's two daughters are mediums. Persecution, scorn, and contempt, at the commencement of these strange occurrences, were meted out to us. The dormant powers of the clergy were waked up. Sermons were preached against the humbug imported from the North; but from this point it took the wings of the Spirits, and is now in various portions of our State.

During the past week, in a private family, the manifestations have taken place. A little girl, about ten years old, is the medium. The father and mother are both members of the Methodist Church. The father is a minister, and is a man of worth and piety. The rapping, through the medium, is loud and distinct, with strange physical demonstrations. The table, at which three or four persons were sitting, was moved and thrown about. The invisibles were asked, whether, if all present would remove their hands, they would move the table, in order to convince two unbelievers present. They answered, by a rap, that they would. All, accordingly, removed their hands from the table. No one touched it, or was within a distance of three or four feet of it. The table commenced rocking, and moving to and fro, jumping and dancing, to the infinite astonishment of all.

The Spirits were now asked, whether, if one of the unbelievers would (the Spirits) would use their power against his. Answer, "Yes." He took hold with both hands, resting his whole force upon the table to keep it from moving, or rising from the floor; but the table did move, and jump suddenly and straightening the person to an upright position, and then force and violence, as much as to say "we are stronger than you."

The mother of the little girl, to test the knowledge of the Spirits, asked where Mr. —, the stage agent, at dinner on that day. Naming several places, it would not rap until Camden was called. She asked, Is he at "Yes." Is he in a good humor? Answer, "No." Is he out in town? Answer, "Yes." Is he on his way to Bolivar? Answer, "No." All of this was as if the good work is still spreading. A true.

County, joining, was developed, as a medium, at the first sitting, and many varied physical demonstrations were made through him. A short time after, it was made more generally known that he was a medium. At one of the meetings at least two hundred persons had assembled to witness the strange phenomena. Also, of late, in Hamburg, sixteen miles south of this place, a writing medium has been developed—a gentlemanly portion of the utmost confidence. But it is all new and strange in this part of the country, and produces a great outcry against all who dare will go on; and accordingly, opposition and persecution seem only to soon. Some honest skeptics are waked up, and begin to think for themselves. You shall be advised of our progress from time to time. God bless you in the cause.

Purdy, Tennessee.

R. D. PAGE.







